# Even Truer Unique Horror Crime Stories Totally Real Fake - Vengeful AI Narrator Optional

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It happened in Texas, also in Alaska, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, and wherever else some drug-wrecked retards fall for it and throw money at me. Still, it is entirely authentic, and there is no sorta money-rip-off by incompetent grifters or scammers in it at all!

My name is Wendy McCandy, and for some mysterious reason, I will not survive this true story. We were a group of friends, each of us sixteen years old. As nothing else could be wiser, we asked our back from prison buddy for tickets to that haunted house tour that our parents forbade us to check out.

When Raymond Bryce-Splendor, that is our buddy back from jail, called me back, announcing that he had arranged our Saturday Night Special, I felt two shivers run down my spine. The third shiver must have been busy once more copying those outdated stories from Reddit, I guess. Anyway, I gave Ray the best blow-job a prison-starved, horny moron could ever hope for, as neither his filthy habits, nor hygiene, mattered to me at all in that moment.

Tragically, Gina messaged me that she had failed to go for the five-finger discount on top-notch makeup, and the mere thought of braving this Saturday looking like some bankrupt country girl made my buttwater flush and my blood run icy cold.

I shrugged it off, delegating the important preparation tasks to my inner circle, the other friends, who would come along on this joyride, as they were not craven pussies like all the rest.

We got bottled water, snacks, flashlights, and glowing sticks, and also a first aid kit and weather-proof sleeping bags. Contrary to the movies, we would look like porn starlets, yet our clothes were robust, comfy to move in, and with sufficient pockets to hide an assisted-opening knife here and a taser there. Yep, we were smart youngsters, next generation drug-crazed teenagers.

Drugs, fuel for the joyride. I felt two shivers run down my spine again, as that third shiver must have been busy sucking dicks in the parking lot. Better not come home without a damn good excuse, motherfugger. Nah, all good. My friends mustered whatever badly cut substances they could get their fingers on, and the crew puppeteering Jay would anyway fill us up with sedatives no grooming gang could outmatch!

My buttwater flushed again, and my blood ran icy cold, when we left the city behind us, eagerly driving to that legendary haunted house we would soon bitch about on Ticky Tocky, Twitchy, and Kicker. Monetizing our young asses off to seal the deal.

Three vans full of people made it quite a party, the moment we stepped out of the vehicles and stared at that derelict building, accredited with preternatural goings-on no sane person would ever fall for. But that is my therapist weaponizing her psychology stuff, for she had caught me banging her husband!

It was wonderful.

Parental GPS tracking would show us in the suburbs, where a boring as fuck charity event took place to appease that shitty church and the social workers, who are nothing but parasites preying on the downtrodden. If they were worth their pay, then those problems would have been resolved when Mum and Dad were still teenagers themselves, after all. Still, GPS tracking was not about police and caring parents; it was only the usual alibi fabrication that would help pretend our parents would not have been neglecting as fuck for years, once our corpses would be found!

We even had service, as the mobile toilets were delivered by a service provider nobody cared to remember, and all the people cattle-herded here by the most trustworthy criminals ever sure were in a good mood, eager to see a spooky ghost thingie, and shot into toxic space by whatever substance abuse they so far barely survived.

All of us entered the house together, totally falling for the sermon recited by the manipulator in chief, messing with our minds. Grooming in the disguise of cheap horror movie costumes, if one is pathetic enough to fall for such, one should really be dead, don't you agree? LMFAO!

So, where was I? Oh, yeah: We charged into that house, but the ghosts were punky deviants, not behaving the way we knew from crappy video games and even dumber movies. Luckily, our tour guides were smart enough to use technological toys instead of Ouija boards, as technology could be remotely meddled with to fake something funny or fishy.

Two shivers ran down my spine when I realized that the sneaky third shiver just rushed down the spine of somebody else! Treacherous neural phenomenon.

The bullshit talking and complimenting to keep us in unsuspecting victim mode continued, so that none of us was still alert enough to grow suspicious, when no ghost showed up while we got separated into smaller groups that would be easier to handle. One group went for the basement or cellar theory on ghosts, but I always found that dull, as if some janitor went incompetent storyteller on smarter folks. Hence, I joined the group venturing up to the attic instead.

Gina giggled, clearly still brain-mushed due to Marvin banging her a while ago. Kelly and Mandy were busy playing the telltale lesbian couple, yet all of us made it up the stairs and into the attic.

My buttwater flushed again, and my blood ran icy cold, when Ray dared to slam the door shut behind us, and aim that handgun at us like some real criminal scumbag! Yet, his mates also had their weapons ready, and I felt two shivers run down my spine as I finally realized that these greedy fuck-ups never wanted to show us a ghost, but instead merely meant to rape us for some trophy video and loot our corpses soon thereafter. Dull, daft, and effing boring.

They did so!

The end

**More by the author:**

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